

# The Desert TO THE TRUE AMERICAN.

No. 38.

SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1799.

VOL. I.

## VALERIA;

### AN ITALIAN TALE.

THERE seems to be a prejudice in the world against the belief of spirits; and yet we forget that the best writers both of Greece and Rome, and historians the most famous for their veracity and philosophy, have attested their existence. Plutarch relates, how Brutus, being in his tent at midnight, a short time before the battle of Phillippi, saw a terrible vision—"a man of enormous size, and hideous countenance, of whom at first, he was afraid, but seeing that the phantom neither did nor said any thing to him, but merely kept moving round his couch; he at length asked him who he was? The phantom replied—I am thy evil genius, and you shall see me near Phillippi. Brutus replied—it is well, I shall see you there; and immediately the vision disappeared. Afterwards, making ready for battle near the city of Phillippi, the night before the engagement, the same phantom appeared to him again, without saying a word; by which Brutus understood that his hour was come!"

Pliny the younger, in his letters, affirms, as a certain fact, the story of the philosopher, Athenodorus, who, having made purchase at Athens of an old mansion, which every one refused, because every night a spectre there made its appearance, boldly waited to see it. It came at length, dragging a massy chain, and made signs to the philosopher to follow it. Athenodorus, who was at that moment busy, made signs to it, in his turn, to wait a little. The spirit increasing the rattling of its chains, and the philosopher, taking his lamp, rose and followed it, who, conducting him to the court in which the house stood, disappeared suddenly. Athenodorus marked the spot, to know it again. The day following, he assembled the magistrates, who ordered the ground to be dug up, and found some human bones confined by chains. They were collected, and publicly interred; from which period the house was no more disturbed.

If examples more recent be required, we may consult the memoirs of the famous Agrippa d'Aubigny, grandfather of Madame Maintenon, so notorious for his zeal for Calvinism, his rigid frankness, and inflexible integrity. He had lost his mother. "I was," says he, "in my bed, and entirely awake, when I heard some one enter my apartment, and I perceived at my bed side, a woman, remarkably pale, whose cloaths made a noise against my curtains: these she withdrew, stooped towards me, and, giving me a kiss as cold as ice, she, in a moment vanished!"

Shall we then call in question what Plutarch, Pliny, and d'Aubigny have affirmed? or shall we say, to justify our incredulity, that these men were weaker than we are?

Without pursuing this discussion, I am about to relate a fact, which I had from the person to whom it happened. This person is still alive, at the city of Florence, and will confirm the testimony. This is the manner in which I was told this wonderful anecdote.

I was, during an interval of absence from the service, at a small place in Languedoc, where I was born, when several friends invited me to spend the Christmas in an old castle built in some rocks in the midst of the mountains of Cevennes. The mistress of this mansion had assembled some young damsels, officers and agreeable neighbours. Good humour and frankness prevailed amongst us all—each had a pleasure in finding himself one of the society; none wished to shine exclusively of the rest, or disputed whose turn it was to hold forth. Each was satisfied with the rest, and the rest with him. We laughed all the day. In the evening, seated in a circle round a large fire, we told tales, sung ballads, and finished our evenings delightfully. The young ladies of Languedoc, not wanting in imagination (a thing common enough in this country) were particularly delighted with stories of spirits. Each had his tale to tell.—The season, the place, the occasion. All added to the effect which these fearful recitals produced. The nights were long and dark, the country was buried in snow, and the owls, the old inhabitants of the tower in which was the saloon, answered each other through the cracks, by their slow and monotonous cries: add to this, it was the time of advent, when every body knows that apparitions are most frequent. Thus, when the tale began, the circle insensibly contracted; as it proceeded, it still became less, and they who pretended to laugh, were often ready to expire from terror; and it often happened that the reciter was seized with a sudden fit of tremour, his voice changed, he became speechless, and ventured not to look either to the bottom of the great hall, whence the noise of chains was fancied to proceed; nor yet towards the chimney, from which something was expected to descend.

We had in our party a young Italian, named Valeria Orsini, whose indifferent health had brought her to Montpellier, to consult our physicians. She had, at that place, formed an intimacy with the lady of our castle, who had invited her to the country, during the absence of count Orsini, her husband, whom unexpected business had obliged to return to Florence. This young stranger was very amiable: to great vivacity she united an enchanting sweetness, an evenness of temper, which nothing interrupted.

Her conversation was lively and impressive, though her person and features announced nothing but mental desert. Her large black eyes were very languishing, her look inspired tenderness, her beauty and conciliating grace seemed to obtain fresh power from the paleness which ever marked her countenance. Her lips also partook of this paleness; for, when Valeria spoke, a statue of alabaster seemed to be animated! when she did not speak, she did not the less attract attention; and indeed she personally gave a striking idea of the story of Pygmalion!

Amongst all our females, Valeria gave proofs of the greatest resolution, in hearing those fearful recitals. She was never agitated, and often smiled; and, without appearing to doubt the truth of the tales she heard, she had merely the air of supposing them easy of explanation. The story of a councillor of Thoulouse, to whom a man who had been assassinated, and buried for six months, appeared one evening, to reveal his murderers: That also of a married man of Lyons, who, having in a transport of jealousy killed his wife, saw her every night appear at eleven o'clock, and lie down by his side! A multitude of other anecdotes of a similar kind, very well authenticated, but nevertheless very wonderful, seemed, to Valeria, as mere common events. We were almost angry with her, and one day expressed to her our astonishment at her not being at all affected by what she heard. Hear her answer:

"My friends, it seems very reasonable that any story of apparitions should astonish you, since the greater part of you, perhaps, have never seen one?" "You have, then, madam," said I—She smiled, with seeming contempt. "I have done more," she replied, "I have been, and am still one myself! It is a spirit who now addresses you!" At these words all the party uttered a loud shriek, and fled from her precipitately; and were, indeed, pressing towards the door, when Valeria, with that sweet and tender voice, the tones of which were irresistible, called us back, and entreated us to be seated; and, whilst taking each alternately by the hand, at the same time, that we looked upon her with terror, and discovered each some new appearance in her person, which we had never seen before, and which favoured of the other world, she spoke to us as follows:

"It is no fault of mine, my friends, if I have been dead these ten years!—There is no one to whom this might not have happened; but what does not happen quite so often is, that since that period, I have found myself infinitely happier; I have enjoyed a felicity I never knew before, and which, thanks to heaven, yet continues. It is true, that the troubles I endured during my life, well paid for the happiness I enjoyed since my death. It is necessary that I tell you every

tuition in the state, you would doubtless sup-

war is declared against Prussia. I go to join the army—to perish or deserve you. I hope—

made a colonel, and was going to pass the winter at Vienna with General Laudohn.



thing which happened to me till that fortunate moment, and you will see that my death alone could insure my tranquillity in the world!

"I was born at Florence, and my parents were noble and affluent. My father and mother had no child but myself. I was brought up beneath their roof, where my good and tender mother compensated by her care, her love, and her caresses for the uneasiness I suffered from the severity of my father. That old man, estimable in many respects, was proud of his high birth, the honours he had obtained in the service of the emperor, and every day made himself miserable, because he had no son to inherit his titles. My poor mother suffered his ill humours with a sweetness, which sometimes disarmed my father; but vanity soon resumed her empire. —He believed himself without a child, because he was without a son!

"The palace we inhabited at Florence, was next to a house where dwelt a venerable gentleman, not very rich, but highly esteemed. He was called the Marquis Orfini. A long time a widower, he dedicated his life to the education of Octavius, his only son, whose age was nearly the same as my own.

"My father and the old Orfini had formerly served together; they esteemed and frequently saw each other; and young Orfini was, from his childhood, accustomed to come often and familiarly to our house; and my mother always took affectionate notice of him.

"I was hardly ten years old, when Octavius became the friend of my heart. He was so mild so handsome, and so amiable, that I loved him more than ever sister loved a brother. I told him all my pleasures and my troubles, and was the confidant of his secrets; and, as if we had foreseen the sorrows it was to cause us, we took care to conceal our mutual passion. Before my father and mother, we appeared to be indifferent: our amusements seemed to occupy us entirely; sometimes we even disputed, but as soon as we got into the garden, or a little grove at the end of it, we had no longer any restraint.

"Octavius spoke of nothing but his tenderness. He pressed and would kiss my hands; often he ventured to embrace me vowing never to have any wife but Valeria. I, on my part, made a similar vow, and I received his innocent caresses without a blush. 'Till the age of fourteen, no remorse, no fears interrupted our tender passion. Octavius was then sixteen. I perceived that I loved him more than I had ever done any thing before; but a secret whispering told me, that I ought no longer to walk alone in the grove with Octavius. From this moment I avoided such walks; and I took away from him, in our sports that unreserve which had constituted their delight. Octavius made heavy complaints. I wished to tell him my motives, and, with this view, for the last time, I consented to meet him in the solitary grove. But whether my father had any suspicions, or whether chance there directed him he approached us, in a green walk very much shaded, where I was sitting on a bank of turf. There was room only for myself; accordingly, Octavius was kneeling before me, holding my hands and addressing me with much vivacity; and as he spoke in a low tone, from the fear of

our being overhead, our faces in a manner met. In this position my father surprized us; his anger was equal to our terror: he ordered me, in a terrible voice, to go to my mother; I instantly obeyed. I heard him at a great distance reprimanding Octavius—forbidding him ever to enter our doors; and I saw the poor youth retire weeping from our mansion.

(To be continued)

*From the Farmers' Journal.*

#### HAS HE A FORTUNE?

WHY do you ask that question? Will nothing compensate for the want of *fortune*? I am tired of hearing this question, as if the salvation of soul and body depended on *fortune*. You never ask if the young gentleman has a good education—If he has abilities: If he is a man of sincerity and truth: If he is a Christian? No; these are matters of no account; but *has he a fortune*? If he has that, the young lady must certainly be happy; never considering he may be a blockhead, a deceitful villain, or an atheist—should he turn out to be either of these, the lady that is to be his wife, must be miserable, were he possessed of all the wealth in the Indies.

It is strange that mankind are so blinded by riches, that they cannot, nay, will not see a man's defects and vices, while he is possessed of wealth: But the God of nature has so ordered the affairs of the world, that this garb is generally stripped from wicked men before they die; and then their vices appear in all their deformity.—This may be some consolation to the generality of mankind; but to a lady of sensibility, who has resigned herself into the arms of one of these miscreants, it must be a terrible mortification. He is every thing to her; on him must her happiness in this life depend; and to see him despised and detested by all good men, must "harrow up her soul," and make her wretched indeed.

Were the ladies left to choose for themselves, I am satisfied they would, generally speaking, make better choices than are generally made for them.—I know, dear Mrs. Prudence, that you have more experience, and perhaps more judgment than your daughter; but you must consider, that she can better judge what will please herself, than you can: and it is she and not you, that must spend her days with the man she marries. I do not contend that a man ought to be poor. With good qualifications, wealth is desirable. These united, tend to produce as much happiness as this world is capable of. Perfect

happiness cannot be expected: Nor am I certain that perfect misery can be experienced in this life; but if there can be a situation more wretched than that of a woman of sensibility under the tyranny of an unfeeling, wicked brute of a husband, it must be a dreadful place indeed!

D.

#### THE MEDLEY.

In the bed-chamber where the late king of Prussia died, at the lower part of the window, four panes of glass have been removed, and a piece of glass equal in size to the four put together, supplies the place. His late Majesty's supreme delight through life had been to see his troops exercise, and he retained this passion to his latest breath. When he was confined to his room by his last illness, he used to sit and view them through the window which had been framed in this manner, that he might enjoy these dying contemplations with greater convenience. Becoming gradually weaker by the increase of the distemper, he could not sit, but was obliged to lie on a couch through the day. When at any time he was uncommonly languid, they raised his head to the window, and a sight of the men under arms was perceived to operate like a cordial to his fainting spirits. By frequent repetition, however, even this cordial lost its effect. His eyes became dim when his head was raised, he could no longer perceive his soldiers, and he expired.

*A letter from a young Heir to the Probate Judge.*  
Sir,

My father departed this life not long hence, and has left a widow and five *scorpions*: I understand he has died *detested*, and I am appointed his *executioner*, but as the estate is likely to prove *insolent*, I was told that as you was judge of *reprobates*, you must send me a letter of *condemnation*.

As in duty bound  
shall never pray.

Your master's servant,

J. W.

The Tipler drinks in small quantities, and at several stated periods. In the morning he is always crop sick, and craves a stomachic. This is either bitter and brandy, cherry bounce, or purl, which, to adopt his own technical phrase he calls "fortifying his stomach" against the rawness of the morning: thus fortified he issues out to transact his business, but fully resolved not to make a dry bargain; till, with a dram here and a dram there; a cordial in one place and a cordial in another; a drop mixed with a friend, a reconciliation draught with an enemy; a squib with an old acquaintance, or a bowl of condolence, &c. he sinks into a state of ebriety, and having been imposed upon in all his dealings, ends his wretched existence in a jail.

Over the office door of a certain attorney, was aptly placed, one night, a sign taken from the door of a neighbouring *Turner*—*All kinds of TURNING and TWISTING done here by J—S—N.*

And then he to sorrow and mourn.

"O LATHMAR! renown'd is my end,  
(She cried with transports so sweet;)

One of the mental faculties is of the highest importance) any hint that can be suggested, that may in any degree contribute to facilitate the improvement of this innocent and polite amusement, should be received with candour:

feelings—then, while the heart is warmed with enthusiasm, or softened with sympathy, pour forth the involuntary effusions of nature without restraint.

OWEN.



## The Dessert

SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1799.

FOR THE DESSERT.

MR. BRADFORD,

I perceive a very serious contest arising in the Dessert, in the characters of Don Quixotte and Theophilus, originating from the lost heart of Evelina; which Theophilus ironically compares to a meteor, similar to that produced by stale fish. Such a barbarous comparison hath drawn forth a modern Quixotte, to render himself worthy of his fair lady Dulcinea del Toboso, hath already commenced Knight Errantry on the back of old Rozinante, to shew forth invincible valour. To what height this adventure may arise is uncertain; but in my view extremely portentous if a check is not immediately given, and for a quieting pill to these warriors, I have to inform them that Evelina has long since been repossessed of her heart, and wishes not to engage a champion in her cause; no, not even the knight of the rueful countenance; nor does she wish a further display of the satirical and contestable spirit of Theophilus.

UMPIRE.

A new Play, called *A World for Nature*, written by the inimitable CUMBERLAND, has lately made its appearance in London, and been received with unbounded applause. We have, for the amusement of the lovers of the Drama, extracted the Fable of it from a late London paper, and is as follows:

*Sir Toby Truckle*, a wealthy widower, in the decline of life, marries a second wife, a woman of imperious temper, who quickly gains a complete ascendancy over her husband, and rules him entirely at her pleasure. By her artifices, she prevails upon the Baronet to sign a Bond, by which he alienates the bulk of his fortune from *Matilda*, his daughter, by a former marriage, in favour of *Leonard*, his wife's son, in case *Matilda* refuses to accept him for her husband. The arrival of the latter, with his tutor *Runio*, a blunt but virtuous pedagogue, introduces the business of the piece. He is accompanied by *Lord Glenaudry*, an old friend of *Sir Toby's*, and his nephew *Captain Clifton*, who experiences very cold reception from *Lady Truckle*, who augurs no good to her son from the presence of *Clifton*, who, it appears, had formerly been intended by *Sir Toby*, for the husband of *Matilda*. *Sir Toby* likewise feels considerably embarrassed at this visit, on account of the part he had re-

luctantly taken in breaking off this engagement, and betrothing his daughter to *Leonard*. Animated by the counsels of *Lord Glenaudry*, he resolves to shake off the yoke in which he had hitherto been held by his wife, and this determination gives birth to a scene of cross-purposes, such as the reader will easily anticipate, between the Baronet and his Lady. Meanwhile, *Leonard*, ignorant of *Matilda's* prior attachment to *Clifton*, engages that Gentleman to sound the inclinations of his intended Bride, wishing to ascertain how far her affections accord with the contract entered into by their parents. This commission naturally leads to a disclosure of *Matilda's* partiality for *Clifton*, in consequence of which, *Leonard*, after a severe struggle between his passion for the Lady and a regard to her happiness and that of his friend, resigns his pretensions in favour of the latter, and ensures their union by artfully obtaining the bond from his mother, *Lady Truckle*. The Piece thus terminates with the matrimonial union of *Matilda* and *Clifton*.

### WHY STAND YE HERE ALL THE DAY IDLE?

INDOLENCE is an evil, peculiarly, inimical to those who indulge it. It undermines the foundation of society and militates against the motives that actuated the author of our creation. If we do not check this disease, at its first appearance, it will soon baffle the art of a physician. The more we cherish it, the heavier will the hours of our existence drag along. The loungee tired of himself and fatigued with the drudgery of thought rushes into the midst of riot and debauchery. Here, he finds not the relief that he expected. In the sober hour of solitude he feels the stings of remorse, and the prospect becomes more gloomy and alarming. Sick of continual dissipation; no longer able to support the burden of his life, in a moment of despair, he seizes the fatal weapon and launches, (unlicensed) into the unbounded ocean of eternity.

I was led to the foregoing reflections from observing a want of ambition, a kind of lethargy, creeping imperceptibly upon the young men of the present day. Those talents lost to society which if improved would render the possessor agreeable to his friends, useful to himself and serviceable to his country. When we see them loitering about, lounging at every corner of the street, gazing at the females who pass, stalk into the coffee-house to gabble over politics; we must involuntarily exclaim in the language of scripture, *Why stand ye here all the day idle?* Cannot the necessities of a family urge you to the pursuit of some laudable occupation? Are you always to live, like the drone, upon the labors of your brethren? Then wretchedness and poverty are your portion and will soon overtake you. The world is a vineyard. Every man is endowed with skill and ability to labor.—He is entrusted with a pound, which, if he neglects by rolling it up in a napkin, he must expect the punishment he deserves; but if on the other hand, he diligently cultivates that pound,

and it gains five pound, then, shall he receive the approbation of his master, who will say unto him, *Well done thou good and faithful servant; be thou master over five kingdoms.*

MORALIZER.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*SPECTATOR*, No. 3. came too late for insertion this week. It shall be attended to in our next.

*PHILOCTETES* is received, but too late for this day's Dessert. We shall be much obliged to the writer thereof for a continuance of his literary favours.

An interview is requested with *SQUIB* and *S. E.*

All communications must be made before 12 o'clock on Thursday, that are intended for insertion the following Saturday, as our selections must be completed by that time.

### COURT OF LOVE.

—MARRIED—

—On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Mr. HENRY O'NEIL, of Baltimore, to Miss ELIZABETH BICKERTON, of this city.

—On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Ustick, Mr. JAMES TAYLOR, to Miss SALLY WEATHERBY, both of this city.

—On Monday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Abercrombie, Mr. ROBERT GOLDSBOROUGH, of the state of Maryland, to Miss SALLY POTTER, of this city, daughter of the late Mr. John Potter, deceased.

—On Monday evening, by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Mr. ROBERT HAMILTON, of this city, to Miss JESSE M'NAUGHTON, daughter of Patrick M'Naughton, Esq. of Cumberland county, Pennsylvania.

—On Wednesday the 20th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Schmidt, Mr. MARTIN ROW, jun. to Miss KITTY ANN BROWN, daughter of Jacob Brown, both of this city.

—At the Valley Works, on Wednesday the 20th inst. by the Rev. Sator Clay, Mr. REES BROOKE, merchant of this city, to Miss HARRIET POTTS.

### REPOSITORY OF DEATH.

—DIED—

—On Thursday the 21 inst. of a lingering illness, Mr. RICHARD RENSRAW, of this city.

—On Saturday 23d inst. in the 29th year of her age, after a lingering illness, Mrs. SARAH TURNER, of this city.

—On Sunday last, Mrs. ELEANOR COCHRAN, wife of James Cochran, Esq. late member of Congress from the State of New-York, and daughter of Mr. John Barclay, of this city.

—On Monday the 21st inst. ROBERT THOMAS, Flour merchant of this city.

tuation in the state, you would doubtless sup-

the army—to perish or deserve you. I hope—

made a colonel, and was going to pass the winter at Vienna with General Laudon.





# FOR THE DESSERT.

MR. BRADFORD,

*By inserting these few lines in your Dessert you  
will oblige*

A SUBSCRIBER.

Where Schuylkill's banks, the shades adorn,  
And roses opening to the morn,  
Give odours to the breeze:  
Thus Corridon, a youthful swain,  
Tun'd his soft reed a soothing strain,  
By nature formed to please.

While wood nymphs listening round him stood,

The Naiads left the oozy flood;  
Caught by the heavenly song;  
Attention to the muses aid,  
Call'd Silence from her secret shade  
And Rapture join'd the throng.

Let Pleasure smile upon the plain;  
See *PEACE*, with balmy wing,  
Now hither bends her flight again,  
To crown the joyful Spring.

Cloze by the fair one's side are seen  
The Arts with garlands drest.  
Gay Commerce with engaging mein,  
And Wealth with gaudy vest.

Now may the muse enjoy the shade;  
Now tune her pleasing song,  
While wanton echo thro' the glade  
Shall waft the strain along.

Then let all join the cheerful sound:  
'Tis *peace* sweet *peace* we sing;  
And let the joyful groves around,  
With the loud chorus ring.

## FRIENDSHIP.

DISTILL'D amidst the gloom of night,  
Dark hangs the dew-drop on the thorn;  
Till, notic'd by approaching light,  
It glitters in the smile of morn.

Morn soon retires, her feeble pow'r  
The sun out-beams with genial ray,  
And gently, in benignant hour,  
Exhales the liquid pearl away.

Thus on affliction's sable bed,  
Deep sorrows rise of saddest hue:  
Condensing round the mourner's head,  
They bathe the cheek with chilly dew.

Tho' *Pity* shews her down from Heaven,  
When kind she points assistance near;  
To *Friendship's* fun alone 'tis given  
To soothe and dry the mourner's tear.

*Extract from a late Publication, entitled*

## THE PIN-BASKET, TO THE CHILDREN OF THESPIS.

BY ANTHONY PASQUIN.

MISS MILLER, DRURY LANE.

Lo! a transcendant nymph usurps the fight,  
Replete with grace and pregnant with delight.  
Thus smil'd *Astarte* issuing from the sea,  
Rapture's sweet queen!—the intimate of glee!  
Thus look'd *Briseis*, when Achilles sigh'd—  
Thus beam'd ineffable the Spartan bride!

Some dedicate her as divine,  
Elate their hearts are caught;  
Her radiance justifies their love,  
Her principle their thought!

Her smile arrests the circumambient wind!  
She forms a point to agitate mankind!  
Embattled nations might demand the prize,  
And seek a triumph subject to her eyes!  
E'en hoary winter so supremely glows,  
His ardor liquifies his snows;  
And *Rhodope* and *Caucasus* assume,  
Arcadian vigour and a vernal bloom.  
Bring me the Phrygian lute—I'll sing her praise  
Tho' the bright theme's superior to my lays;  
Perturbed glory urges me to try;  
Who nobly dares can't ignominious die!—  
Could Jove survey her, flush'd in youthful pride,  
Fresh as the spring, and lib'ral as the tide;  
He'd spurn empirian and its mean delights,  
Burst through the mists and touch the Olym-  
pian heights:

Alas! seraphic maid you'd then expire,  
And melt trans-human in the vivid fire;  
He'd consecrate thee to the Cyprian scene,

Thrilling with extacies, approaching pain;  
And give thy honour'd envi'd magic name,  
To babbling echo and responsive fame—  
Temper thy pulses with a southern breeze—  
Correct the atmosphere—repel disease—  
Cleave like a tendril to thy peerless charms,  
And riot in the circle of thy arms;  
While passion's regent touch'd each nerve with  
joy,  
A toil befitting the immortal boy.  
The moral aim that gave the blithe offence  
Would sink envelop'd in the maddning sense!  
Not all thy purity would then avail  
(Who can oppose when deities assail?)  
From thy rich pulpy lips that never falsehood  
knew,  
He'd fiercely ravish all the honey'd dew;  
Indent those semi-orbs by beauty given,  
Freight thee with wonder in a burning kiss,  
Analyze the elements of bliss  
And gather you to *heaven*.

## EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCES OF OBEDIENCE TO SUPERIORS.

WHEN Metellus had disinherited his sons,  
they choose rather to have no share in his estate,  
than to admit of any disputation about the  
force of his will; and some have freely parted  
with liberty and life itself, when either, has  
come into competition with the commandment  
of their superiors.

Tirbafus was a stout and valiant man:  
and when some Persians came to lay hold of  
him, he drew his scymeter, and manfully  
defended himself. His aggressors thereupon  
fearing to be worsted by him, cried out, "That  
what they did was by the king's command."  
Tirbafus no sooner heard this, but he threw a-  
way his weapon, and gave his hands to be  
bound by them.

TERMS OF THE DESSERT TO THE TRUE AMERICAN  
Two DOLLARS per annum, one half payable in advance.  
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is published every morning, on a paper  
equal in size and quality to any in the  
UNITED STATES.

Samuel F. Bradford, Proprietor.

And left me to sorrow and mourn."

"O LATHMAR! renown'd is my end,  
(She cried with transports so sweet;)

ercise of the mental faculties is of the highest  
importance) any hint that can be suggested,  
that may in any degree contribute to facilitate  
the improvement of this innocent and polite a-  
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out restraint.

GIVEN.